

THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.

No. LXXX.

JUNE, 1882.

Vol. VII.

BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

—o—
IV.

ANY notice of Bishop Carswell would be incomplete without an allusion to his connection with Carnassary Castle, with which his name is traditionally associated. Kennedy says, "The Right Rev. Bishop was exalted far above a Rector, or minister of a parish (as some publishers choose to state), he was *High Bishop of Argyle*, mighty and wealthy above all others, in holy orders, over three districts: he could vie with any *baron or chief* within his diocese, and built the *Castle of Carnasary* so as to compete with his superior *Argyll* himself. This castle is situated on a rising ground at the top of a strath called Strathmore, within less than a mile north from Kilmartin. When the *Earl of Argyll* saw it, he approved much of the elegance of its structure; but disapproved of its situation, which he considered as despicable as if erected on a dung-hill. The Right Rev. prelate may have thought this retired situation more suitable for his studies than any other site on the coast, where beautiful and extensive scenery and the terrific roaring of the *Gulf of Breacan* might interrupt his meditation"; and the "*Origines Parochiales*" assert "that Carnasary Castle was built by Mr John Carswell, Bishop of Argyle, to the use of the Earls of Argyll." The tradition of the district is to the same effect, that there was an old Castle at Carnassary but that Carswell re-built it. The stone with the armorial bearings

and inscription amongst the ruins seems to belong to the new structure. The arms are quarterly—1st and 4th Girony of eight; 2d and 3d old fashioned ship. Inscription in Irish characters *Dia le unnduimhne*, and *the arms are impaled with the Scottish lion within a double tressure*. The Scottish lion would imply connection with royalty, and might be the Lord Campbell who died in 1453, and was married to Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Duke of Albany, brother to Robert John, the third King of Scotland. But we should remember that the galley is seldom used by the Campbells on their coat of arms before the time of Earl Colin, who was created Baron Lorne in 1470. The lion, on the other hand, came to be used by all who could claim kindred with royalty, however remote. Witness, for instance, the Curate of Kilmartin in the days of Episcopacy. A Mr William Mac- lauchlane was presented to the parish of Kilmartin by His Majesty on the forfeiture of Archibald Earl of Argyll, 1st August 1682, much to the chagrin of the parishioners. The parishioners of Kilmartin hastened to join Argyll's standard in 1685, and on the failure of the expedition, many of the parishioners were put to death, some banished to the West Indian plantations, and most of the heritors were sentenced to death, and their estates placed under forfeiture. But Mr William profited by all these misfortunes. He got possession of all the tithes, and found himself the happy recipient of a stipend larger than any of his predecessors enjoyed, probably, since the days of Carswell. This gave him an opportunity of cultivating certain artistic tastes, which he seems to have possessed. He made a private entrance for himself to the church (a very judicious proceeding on his part), inscribing over it—

M.
W. M.
1686.

(Mr
William Mac- lauchlane
1686.)

and having a shrewd suspicion, no doubt, from the temper in which he found his parishioners (smarting under the calamities which befell them recently in defending their civil and religious liberties) that none of them were disposed to erect a monument to his memory, Mr William resolved, like Absalom of old, to erect a monument to himself "to keep his name in remembrance"—and in the year 1686 he did erect a monument, which still survives.

It is a fearfully and wonderfully designed specimen of Mr William's learning and artistic taste, full of all manner of curious devices, with a Latin inscription, and emblazoned with the coat of arms of Maclachlan, *impaled with the Scottish lion within a double tressure*. We may well believe that Mr William had the faintest connection with Royalty, unless we recognise some affinity in the fact that on the appearance of King William and the Revolution, King James *deserted his kingdom* and Mr William *deserted his parish*. Now, the 5th Earl in Carswell's time was married to Lady Jean Stewart, natural daughter of King James the Fifth, and Carswell dedicates his Book to him—

Do Ghiollaasbuig Vanduibhne Iarla Erragaidheal—

and in his hymn to this Book he says—

Go húa-nduibhne rig ad réim—

so that tradition may, as usual, be quite correct in connecting Carswell's name with Carnassary, and he must have built it, with the sanction, possibly, at the instigation, of his patron Argyll. The Castle is in the form of an oblong hall, between two square towers, terminating in battlements with a variety of crow-stepped gables, tall chimneys, small bartizans, characteristic of the pristine Scottish baronial residence. It is in the plain perpendicular style, having little ornamentation beyond the moulding on the walls and parapets; but there are remains of some beautiful ornamental tracery above the door and on the mantle-pieces. The walls are exceedingly thick, with circular stairs, sleeping closets, and cells in their thickness—altogether it is the plain, substantial, elegant fabric that we would expect a man of Carswell's calibre to design for his residence. In a military point of view it may be condemned; but for picturesqueness and scenery few would wish a more desirable site for residence. Far as the eye can reach, it commands the most lovely and varied and romantic scenery. From the hills that rise on either side of the Castle, Carswell could gaze on what he himself calls "the fair land of the territory of the beautiful sea-coast of Alban." To the north may be seen in the distance the bold spiral outlines of the mountains of Mull and Appin, the lofty summits of Ben-Cruachan, while beneath lie the innumerable islands that stud Loch Craignish and the *Dorus Mòr*, and wherever the eye chooses

to turn it rests on an intricate, extensive, diversified scene of quiet and awe-inspiring arrangements of nature ; at one time it is the hills of Knapdale, again the peaks of Jura, again

Scarba's isle whose tortured shore
Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar
And lonely Colonsay,
Scenes sung by him who sings no more.

One would fain associate Carswell's name with Carnassary, for it was destined to play no unimportant part in the after struggles of his countrymen for their religious liberties. In 1644-45, when a great body of the Macdonalds, commanded by Coll Macdonald, came to execute their revenge on *the Argyle's* country, the people of Kilmartin seem to have fled for refuge to their strongholds, Duntroon Castle, and Carnassary Castle—many of them taking refuge in dens and caves known only to themselves—and the only thing which seems to have eluded the search of the plunderers "was," says Kennedy, "one humble dun cow which happened to escape their notice, it being hid in a thicket of birch, in a hollow below Kilmartin. The cow was called by the natives *Bo mhaol odhar Ach-a-bheann*. It appears that the calf of this cow was carried off by the freebooters, which caused its melancholy dam to lament its absence. It is told that *her* bellowing and vehement roaring in this deserted strath (like the pelican's mournful tones in the wilderness), made the forlorn inhabitants feel their loss with greater pain, seeing nothing left them but naked fields."

The amiable and pious wife of Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, Lady Henrietta Lindsay, whose love was truly

Love that can find
Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined,
Aye gathering up memorials sweet
Where'er she sets her duteous feet,

passed many of her days at Carnassary, then called *Castle Bow-draught*, and here she no doubt followed her usual course of making her house a little sanctuary, where domestics and neighbours assembled to hear the words of eternal life ; "these bounds being then," to use her own words, "as a heath in the wilderness as to the means of grace." During these killing times when, as she herself says, "the growing desolation and trouble daily in-

creased to the putting a further restraint on ministers and people, many of whom were imprisoned, harassed, chased to the hazard of their lives, the violating of the consciences of others, and the fearful bloodshed of many; retrenching our liberties, so that it was made a crime to meet or convene to the worship of the living God, except in such a manner as our nation was solemnly sworn against; laying bonds on ministers not to preach, or people to hear, under such and such penalties, fines, hazards as were endless to rehearse; things running to such a height to the introducing of Popery itself, if the Lord had not prevented, that there were almost no thinking persons but were under the dread and fear of this approaching judgment." Here she was visited in the summer of 1685 by what she calls her "desirable sister," Lady Sophia, whose heroic rescue of Argyll from prison will forever embellish the page of history; and here she was attacked, that same summer by high fever, and visited by her mother, the Countess of Argyll. And Lady Henrietta left behind some memorials of her residence here. Over the entrance-gate is the following inscription:—

S.	(Sir
D. C.	Duncan Campbell.
L.	Lady
H. L.	Henrietta Lindsay.
1681.	1681.)

And in 1685, when Argyll returned from Holland, to quote his own declaration, "to take up just and necessary arms in the name and fear of the Great God, and the confidence of his mercy and assistance, for our own and our country's relief from the foresaid most grievous and intolerable tyrannies and oppressions, the defence and re-establishment of the true and pure Christian religion commonly called Protestant, in opposition to the Anti-Christian Roman religion commonly called Papistical, and the recovery and re-establishment of all our just rights, liberties, and privileges, according as we stand indispensably engaged thereto before God and man," his son, the Hon. Charles Campbell, placed a garrison in the castle of Carnassary, and Sir Duncan Campbell soon afterwards marched to Tarbert at the head of 1000 men. And Carnassary Castle ultimately perished in the general wreck which followed the failure of Argyll's enterprise. The occasion

is described in a petition which Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck presented to the Estates of Parliament after the Revolution. The petition states "that the petitioner having from his sense of the justice and necessity of the said Earl, his undertaking, and for the defence of the country, caused man and garrison his house of Carnassary; the same was besieged, and a treaty for surrender being in dependence, the deceased Lauchlane McLaine of Torlisk, &c., conjunctly and severally, with their barbarous accomplices, did, in the first place, cause hang Dugald McTavish, fiar of Dunardarie, at the said house of Carnassary; and immediately after the surrendering thereof, did barbarously murder Alexander Campbell of Strondour, the petitioner's uncle, and without any regard to any conditions of faith given, they did fall upon and wound above twenty of the soldiers of the garrison, plunder and carry away out of the said house three-score horse led of goods and plenishing, and after all these cruelties and robberies, the said deceased Lauchlane McLaine of Torlisk, with his above named followers and accomplices, did set fire to the said house of Carnassary and burn it to ashes."

But while Carnassary fell a prey to such fierce masters, and such ravenous plunderers, what hallowed memories cluster around that ivy-mantled ruin. A solemn stilness and a hushed repose seem to mantle it round, broken only by the sighing of the wind or the flight of the jackdaw from its recesses; yet from this spot, no doubt, winged prayers ascended to the throne of God, which were answered in due time. "Far from me," says Dr Johnson, "and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue." And this ground has been dignified by the wisdom, and bravery, and virtue of those; but for whose sacrifices, and prayers, and efforts on behalf of our Freedom and our Religion,

The stars that blazed in Albion's hemisphere,
And long dispensed unclouded radiance there,
No more were suffered to indulge their light,
Torn from their orbs and sunk in endless night.

That man is truly little to be envied who can gaze unmoved at the sad memorials of those whose hard lot it was to mingle in scenes of strife and bloody conflict in order that they might

tran
happ

In th
conve
missi
confe
upon
every
the m
them
heart
for th
Jes

the b
or its

the f
feelin
taine
conte
happ
nothi
belov
Dalg
and t
ing a
cross
soun
pera
came
him
rod

transmit to posterity the peace and plenty and security of our happy days,

Where pure Religion o'er the blissful plains
Pours her eternal beam, and endless Freedom reigns.

In this sacred spot, it may be, he, who is said to have been a conventual brother of the Abbey of Iona, and whom God commissioned anew to go in the spirit and power of St Columba to confer "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion" upon his countrymen, penned his memorable salutation—"Unto every Christian throughout the whole earth, and especially to the men of Alban (Scotland) and of Eireand (Ireland), to such of them as desire to receive the faithful words of God, in their hearts and minds, John Carswell sends his blessing, and prays for the Holy Spirit for them from God the Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But while we can view this ruin and its precincts with all the borrowed charms that sacred romance can lead to its blessing or its woes now that

The sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled,

the folks of that distant era could regard it with very different feelings. It would appear that the strictest discipline was maintained in the castle, and any one who missed a meal had to content himself till the next came round. One of the gillies happened to return from a long journey, possibly having eaten nothing since daybreak, and had reached a ford immediately below the castle, and was no doubt "interested," like Captain Dalgetty, "by the smoke which ascended from the castle chimneys and the expectation which this seemed to warrant of his encountering an abundant stock of provant." He was just in the act of crossing the water when he was roused out of his musings by the sound of the dinner-bell. Eager to secure his repast, and desperate at the thought that he might have to wait till the next came round, he pitched a load of meal which he had in front of him into the water, and applying his spurs to his Bucephalus rod furiously up the steep, and it is to be hoped reached the hall

in good time : in any case, it is said that the discipline was somewhat relaxed after this ludicrous incident. The good wives of the Strathmore of Ariskeodnish would appear to have had their own musings about the stern discipline in another direction. Looking at this giant edifice which lifts its lofty head at the top of the strath and is visible for miles all round, and reflecting on the enormous quantities of butter, eggs, fat hens, and other small brocks that were rigorously exacted from them in the shape of tithes to sustain its giant occupant and his numerous train, they muttered their wrathful lampoon in the words in which it still survives amongst them :—

An Carsalach mòr tha'n Carnasrie,
Tha na coig cairt 'n a osain,
Tha 'dhròll mar dhruinnin na corra,
'S a sgròban lom gionach farsuing.*

*(The Big Carswell in Camassary,
There are five quarters (45 inches) in his hose,
His rump is like the back of a crane,
His stomach empty, greedy, capacious.)*

(To be continued.)

THE REV. THOMAS FRASER, known as "Parson Thomas," of Inverness, was preaching on one occasion on a very hot Sunday in the month of July. An unusually large number of the congregation fell asleep during the discourse. Whether this was the result of the heat of the day or the dryness of the sermon is not recorded. The preacher was naturally annoyed, and, addressing them, he exclaimed loudly, in Gaelic, "Are you all asleep, you wicked sinners, but that poor fool?" referring to an idiot called "Ali-na-Pairc," who sat opposite to him in the front gallery. "Yes," answered Ali in Gaelic, at the same time starting from his seat and walking out of the church, "and, if I were not such a great idiot, I would have been asleep too!"

* Carnasrie is undoubtedly the proper way of writing the word, and comes nearest the pronunciation of the natives of the district. The tradition of the district is that Carswell only built the *East Tower*, and that the wages of the masons was 4d, and of the labourers 1d per day; and that the *Hall* and *West Tower* were added by the Auchinbreck family. The workmanship of the *East Tower* is very much more substantial and tradesmanlike.

THE JILTED HARPER.

THERE is a proverb still current in the Island of Mull, although the circumstances which gave rise to it occurred centuries ago, to this effect:—"S maig a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe" (What a folly to burn my harp for her), usually applied to a case in which one has done a good turn for another, and has only met gross ingratitude in return.

At the time of our story there stood in a pleasant strath in the finest situation in the Island of Mull, facing the sun, and sheltered from the rough winds by the high hills at its back, the dwelling or castle of the chief family on the island, the only representative of which at this time was a young lad of eighteen. Niel Maclean was the young laird, the only son of his widowed mother, and a dutiful and affectionate son he had always been; but now he was grown to man's estate he longed to see more of the world than was comprised within the narrow limits of his island home, so, after repeated solicitations, he obtained his mother's consent to go to France for a year or two before settling down at home as the head of his followers; it being the usual practice at that time for Highland gentlemen to send their sons to complete their education in that country. His departure took place amid the tears and blessings of all his people, who were fondly attached to him; but by none was his absence so felt and regretted as by his nurse and foster mother, old Catrina, and her pretty granddaughter Barabel, who lived with the old woman in a cosy, little cottage within a stone's throw of the castle. Niel and Barabel had been companions since they could remember; as children they had roamed about hand in hand, gathering wild flowers or picking up shells on the sea beach. They were greatly attached to each other, and their affection

Grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength

to an extent unknown even to themselves, until they came to part. Many promises of fidelity and vows of constancy were interchanged between them before they took their last fond farewells in the usual fashion of love-sick swains and lasses.

Within a few months of Niel's departure old Catrina died, and Barabel had to go back to her father's house, which was quite at the other end of the island, a good distance away.

This was a sad change for poor Barabel, for she had lived happily with her grandmother since her mother died and left her a helpless infant. She had only seen her father at rare intervals since, so that it was like going among strangers for her to return to her native place, especially as her father had married again, and her step-mother looked with no very favourable eye upon his daughter. Her growing beauty soon attracted all the youths of the place; but she cared not for their attentions. Their homely manners and uncouth attempts at gallantry only disgusted her, so different were they to the more refined manners of her beloved Niel.

Not the least of her trials was that she now had no opportunity of hearing anything about him. Of course, hearing from him direct was out of the question. Those were not the days of letter writing, and even if he had a chance of sending a letter to her she could not read it; but if she had remained in her old home near the castle she would have been able to hear of him occasionally, but now even this consolation was denied her.

Thus some five or six years passed, and although, strictly speaking, Barabel had not forgotten Niel, yet she had come to think of him as one does of a dear friend who is dead; for she had never heard a word of him nor of his doings since the day they parted.

She was now in the full zenith of her beauty, a strikingly handsome woman, still unmarried; but betrothed to a very worthy man, a celebrated harper, who had long wooed her. He was considerably her senior; but she had first been attached to him by his rare musical ability, which, combined with a gentle manner and great poetical genius, made him more acceptable to her than any of her younger suitors; and, at last, touched by his devotedness to her, she consented to become his wife.

A few days before the time fixed for their marriage, they had occasion to go to a village some distance across the hills, to make arrangements respecting their future home. While returning towards the evening they were overtaken by a severe snow-storm, which soon obliterated the path, and caused them to lose their way. This was no joke to poor Barabel, already quite fatigued with a long day's walking, and, after stumbling along over the broken and uneven ground for a little while, she was at

last quite overcome, sank down exhausted, and so benumbed with the cold that she became insensible.

The harper was in despair ; no help was near, no house visible, nothing but the blinding snow, whirled by the howling wind round and round the unfortunate couple, forming treacherous drifts and wreaths that made walking next to impossible. Catching the inanimate form of his adored Barabel in his arms, the harper struggled to gain the partial shelter afforded by some high overhanging rocks. Here, laying down his lovely burden, and covering her with his own plaid, he strove to restore vitality by chafing her hands and face, all the while frantically bewailing his misery, and bestowing every term of endearment on his betrothed. Seeing that in spite of all his attentions Barabel still continued in a state of stupor, he hastily tried to collect materials for a fire. He got together a few sticks, which he set alight with his tinder box, and soon had the comfort of seeing the heat, slight as it was, somewhat reviving Barabel, who opened her eyes and looked wonderingly around, but had not strength enough to speak. As the harper was congratulating himself on the success of his efforts, the little fire began to wane, and gradually, for want of fuel, grew less and less. He saw with dismay that unless he could replenish it by some means or other, all his pains in lighting it would be "love's labour lost." In vain he looked around ; not another stick could he see ; then suddenly a thought struck him which brought a sudden glow to his face, only to leave it paler than before. There was his harp ! his beloved companion for many years, slung as usual on his back. The woodwork of it was dry, and would make a capital fire ! With a quick nervous gesture he unslung it, and held it towards the fast expiring embers. Could he destroy it ? the work of his own hands, his peerless harp, which had brought him so much fame, and had been his solace in all the trials of his life ! He wavered, but only for a moment ; one glance at the white face and closed eyes of his beloved, and he hesitated no longer. What would a thousand harps be in comparison with her welfare, perhaps her life ? In a moment the harp was broken in pieces, and laid on the smouldering fire, which leaped and crackled over it in seeming derision of the harper's sacrifice. He, however, did not regret his loss, as he saw Barabel reviving under the influence of the

grateful heat. In a little she was able to sit up, when suddenly they heard, to their great joy, the sound of a horn blown at no great distance, and soon saw approaching a young man followed by two dogs. He soon joined them, and explained that he was out hunting when the storm came on; that, seeing the smoke of their fire, he made towards it, and sounded his horn to call their attention to him. Fortunately, he had a well-filled flask, which he immediately offered to share with his newly-made acquaintances. As he approached to hand it to Barabel, he suddenly stopped and gazed earnestly in her face. In the meantime Barabel was looking at him in the same curious manner, when all at once she gasped out the name "Niel!" and fell back again unconscious. The harper, who had been bending over the fire, turned quickly on hearing his betrothed's cry, but did not catch what she had said, and he hastened to restore her by pouring some of the generous fluid between her pallid lips, in which he was assisted by the stranger, who anxiously inquired what the lady's name was, and in what relation she stood to the harper? Under their united attentions the fair sufferer soon recovered, and was able, in faltering accents, to thank the gentleman for his timely aid. In a short time the strange air of embarrassment with which they addressed each other wore off; they grew less reserved as they sat by the fire chatting merrily, heedless of the storm and their recent danger. Indeed, if the harper had been of a suspicious nature he might have felt some uneasiness in seeing how intimate his betrothed seemed to get with the stranger. They talked and smiled, while rapid glances, even more expressive than words, passed between them, and the tell-tale blush, which banished the paleness from the fair cheek of Barabel indicated that she felt little displeasure at the stranger's familiarity.

The storm having now abated, they again started on their homeward journey, accompanied by the gentleman, who said his boat was waiting him on the shore, not far off; and who, under the excuse that he was the younger and stronger man, made Barabel, who still seemed weak and strangely agitated, lean on his arm; while the harper walked in front to make out the path.

During this walk the stranger continued his very marked attentions to Barabel, speaking in such a gentle, earnest tone

that the harper began to feel uncomfortable. He, however, did not think it worth while to show his annoyance, as they would so soon be parting, and he could not forget the benefit the stranger had conferred upon them by so generously sharing the contents of his flask with them.

In a little while they came in sight of the sea, and saw the boat waiting its owner. Just at this moment Barabel complained of being thirsty, and begged her betrothed to fetch her a drink from a spring which issued in a clear rippling stream from a rock a few hundred yards from where they stood. The unsuspecting harper hastened to comply, ran to the spring, got the water, and turned to retrace his steps, when he was transfixed with astonishment at seeing the faithless Barabel in full flight with the treacherous stranger towards the shore. With a fearful misgiving, yet hardly comprehending what had happened, the harper rushed, shouting after the fugitives. They had, however, too good a start for him to overtake them, and with despair, mingled with just indignation, he watched them until they reached the boat, got into it, and rowed swiftly across to the other side.

Then the full force of his sad position burst on his half-frenzied mind. He saw himself robbed, insulted, and mocked. How he had loved this woman! How long had he been a very slave to her slightest wishes! His genius tried to the utmost in composing sonnets and serenades in her honour! His heart, with its wealth of love and devotion, poured at her feet! And this was his return! Utterly broken down, he bowed his head on his hands and groaned out in all the bitterness of his outraged feelings—

'S maing a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe.

He never saw Barabel again; but he received a message from her, begging his forgiveness, and explaining that in the stranger she had recognised Niel Maclean, the lover of her youth; that at the sight of him, and hearing from his lips that he was still devoted to her, every other consideration gave way to her affection for him, and she was easily persuaded to fly with him; that she was now married, and only wanted the forgiveness of her injured betrothed to complete her entire felicity. At the same time she begged his acceptance of a fine new harp, which she had sent in place of the one he had destroyed on her account.

The harper sent back the proffered present, saying he should never play on any instrument again ; that his heart was broken as well as his harp ; but that he freely forgave her for the grievous wrong she had done him.

He kept his word, he never sang or played again ; his gentle spirit had received too cruel a blow ever to recover ; he lived a solitary, listless life for a few months, and then died a broken-hearted man.

M. A. ROSE.

CHARGE OF THE SKYE BRIGADE.

(From the North British Daily Mail.)

Half a league, half a league !

Four a-breast—onward !

All in the valley of Braes

Marched the half-hundred.

"Forward, Police Brigade !

In front of me," bold Ivory said ;

Into the valley of Braes

Charged the half-hundred.

"Forward, Police Brigade !

Charge each auld wife and maid !"

E'en though the Bobbies knew

Some one had blundered !

Their's not to make reply ;

Their's not to reason why ;

Their's but to do or die ;

Into the valley of Braes

Charged the half-hundred.

"Chuckies" to right of them,

"Divots" to left of them,

Women in front of them,

Volleyed and thundered ;

Stormed at with stone and shell,

Boldly they charged, they tell,

Down on the Island Host !

Into the mouth of—well !

Charged the half-hundred.

Flourished their batons bare,

Not in the empty air—

Clubbing the lasses there,

Charging the Cailleachs, while

All Scotland wondered !

Plunged in the mist and smoke,

Right thro' the line they broke ;—

Cailleach and maiden

Reeled from the baton stroke,

Shattered and sundered :

Then they marched back—intact—

All the half-hundred !

Missiles to right of them,

Brickbats to left of them,

Old wives behind them

Volleyed and floundered.

Stormed at with stone and shell—

Whilst only Ivory fell—

They that had fought so well

Broke thro' the Island Host,

Back from the mouth of—well !

All that was left of them—

All the half-hundred !

When can their glory fade ?

O, the wild charge they made !

All Scotland wondered !

Honour the charge they made !

Honour the Skye Brigade,

Donald's half-hundred !

ALFRED TENNYSON, JUNIOR.

NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS AND ARMOUR.

THE notes on the Antiquity of Tartan, which appeared in our last issue, suggested to us the idea of publishing the following notices of the Highland dress and armour, collected from various sources, and arranged for the Transactions of the "Iona Club." We give the translations only, where the original was in Latin, from the *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, now a very rare and expensive work:—

No peculiarity of the Scottish Highlanders has been the subject of so much controversy as their dress. It is not at present intended to enter into a detail of the opinions that have been at different times expressed on this subject, as it is conceived that, to enable the enquirer to come to a satisfactory conclusion, the best method is first to place before him, in juxtaposition and in chronological order, the various descriptions of the costume of the Highlanders, which can be gathered from books or manuscripts. To these will be added the descriptions of their armour, defensive and offensive, which it would be difficult in most cases to separate from the former.

The earliest allusion to the Highland dress which the editor has met with is in *Magnus Berfaet's Saga* (the history of that celebrated Norwegian King, written shortly after his death), under the year 1093, being the year in which he conquered the Western Isles, or rather forced them anew to acknowledge the supremacy of Norway, which some late Kings of the Isles had affected to disclaim. The following passage is literally translated from the Norse Saga:—

A.D. 1093.—It is said when King Magnus returned from his expedition to the West, that he adopted the costume in use in the western lands, and likewise many of his followers; that they went about barelegged, having short tunics and also upper garments; and so many men called him Barelegged or Barefoot.

A period of upwards of three centuries now intervenes before we meet with any description of the Highland dress or armour.

Andrew Wyntown, prior of Lochleven, who wrote about 1420, speaks on more than one occasion in his metrical Chronicle of "the wyld wykkyd Helandmen;" and under the year 1396, in reference to the celebrated combat of thirty Highlanders against

thirty, fought on the North Inch of Perth in that year, in presence of King Robert III. and his Court, in order to settle the disputes of two contending clans, he uses these words (vol. ii., p. 374):—

At Sanct Johnestone besid the Freris
All thai entrit in Barreris
Wyth Bow and Axe, Knyf and Swerd
To deil amang thaim thar last word.

Abbot Bower or Bowmaker (the continuator of Fordun's *Scotichronicon*) wrote in the reign of James II. of Scotland; and, in describing the arrangements for the above-mentioned noted combat in 1396, says (vol. ii., p. 420) that it was to be fought

By thirty men against thirty of the opposite party, armed only with swords, bows and arrows, without mantles or other armour except axes; and thus encountering that they should end their disputes, and that peace should be established in the country.

The historian, John Major, who wrote in 1512, notices the Highland dress in two different parts of his work. At p. 34 (Edit. *Edinburgh*, 1740, 4to.), talking of the Highlanders generally, he thus describes their dress and armour:—

From the middle of the thigh to the foot they have no covering for the leg, clothing themselves with a mantle instead of an upper garment, and a shirt died with saffron. They always carry a bow and arrows, a very broad sword with a small halbert, a large dagger, sharpened on one side only but very sharp, under the belt. In time of war they cover their whole body with a shirt of mail of iron rings, and fight in that. The common people of the Highland Scots rush into battle, having their body clothed with a linen garment manifoldly sewed and painted or daubed with pitch, with a covering of deerskin.

At p. 302, after mentioning the defection of the Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron from Alexander Lord of the Isles, who, in 1492, had raised the standard of rebellion against James I., Major thus describes the customs of these clans, and it may be presumed of the Highlanders at large:—

They pass their days merrily in idleness, living upon the goods of the poor. They use a bow and quiver, and a halbert well sharpened, as they possess good veins of native iron. They carry large daggers placed under the belt; their legs are frequently naked under the thigh; in winter they carry a mantle for an upper garment.

In the *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland* in August 1538, we find the following entries regarding a Highland dress made for King James V., on the occasion of that Monarch making a hunting excursion to the Highlands:—

Item in the first for ij. elnis ane quarter elne of variant cullorit velvet to be the Kingis Grace ane schort *Heland* coit price of the elne vj^{lib}. summa.....xiiij^{lib}. x^s.

Item for iij. elnis quarter elne of grene taffatyis to lyne the said coit with, price of the elne x^s. summa.....xxxij^s. vjd.

Item for iij. elnis of *Heland tertane* to be hoiss to the Kingis grace, price of the elne iiij^s. iiij^d. summa.....xiiij^s.

Item for xv. elnis of holland claith to be syde *Heland* sarkis to the Kingis Grace, price of the elne viij^s. summavj^{lib}.

Item for sewing and making of the said sarkis .. ix^s.

Item for twa unce of silk to sew thame.....x^s.

Item for iiij. elnis of rubanis to the handis of thame.....ij^s.

The following passage, showing how the Highlanders came to be denominated *Redshanks*, is extracted from the curious letter of John Elder, a Highland priest, to King Henry VIII., anno 1543. The letter itself has been printed at full length in the *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, vol. i., pp. 23 to 32:—

Moreover, wherfor they call us in Scotland Reddshankes, and in your Graces dominion of England, roghe footide Scottis, Pleas it your Majestie to understande, that we of all people can tollerat, suffir, and away best with colde, for boithe somer and wyntir, (excepte whene the froest is most vehemente,) goynge alwaies bair leggede and bair footide, our delite and pleasure is not onely in huntynge of redd deir, wolves, foxes, and graies, whereof we abounde, and have greate plentie, but also in rynninge, leapinge, swymmynge, shootynge, and thrawinge of dartis: therefor, in so moche as we use and delite so to go alwaies, the tendir delicatt gentillmen of Scotland call us Redshankes. And agayne in wynter, whene the froest is mooste vehement (as I have saide) which we can not suffir bair footide, so weill as snow. whiche can never hurt us whene it cummes to our girdills, we go a huntynge, and after that we have slayne redd deir, we flaye of the skyne, bey and bey, and settinge of our bair foote on the insyde thereof, for neide of cunnyge shoemakers, by your Graces pardon, we play the suttars; compasinge and measuringe so moche thereof, as shall retche up to our anklers pryckynge the uppir part thereof also with holis, that the water may repass when it entres, and stretchide up with a stronge thwange of the same, meitand above our saide anklers, so, and pleas your noble Grace, we make our shoos: Therfor, we usinge such maner of shoos, the roghe hairie syde outward, in your Graces dominion of England, we be callit roghe footide Scottis; which maner of schoois (and pleas your Highnes) in Latyn be callit perones, wherof the poet Virgill makis mencion, saying, That the olde auncient Latyns in tyme of wars uside suche maner of schoos. And although a greate sorte of us Reddshankes go after this maner in our countrethe, yit never the les, and pleas your Grace, whene we come to the courte (the Kinges grace our greate master beinge alyve) waitinge on our Lordes and maisters, who also, for velvetis and silkis be right well araide, we have as good garmentis as some of our fellowis whiche gyve attendance in the court every daye.

In the account of the campaigns of the French auxiliaries in Scotland in 1548-1549, given by Monsieur Jean de Beaugué, one of the French officers, and first published at Paris in 1556, under

the title of "L'Histoire de la Guerre d' Ecosse," the dress and arms of some Highlanders who were present at the siege of Haddington by the French in 1549 are thus described (fol. 22, b.):—

Several Highlanders (or Wild Scots) followed them (the Scottish army), and they were naked except their stained shirts, and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours; carrying large bows, and similar swords and bucklers to the others, *i.e.*, to the Lowlanders.

In the year 1552, an Act of Privy Council was passed for the levy of two regiments of Highlanders, to form part of a body of Scottish auxiliaries about to proceed to the assistance of the King of France; and the Earl of Huntly being Lieutenant of the North Highlands, where these men were to be raised, was directed to see that the Highland soldiers were

Substantiouslie accompturit with jack and plait, steilbonett, sword, bucklair, new hois and new doublett of canvous at the lest, and slevis of plait orsplenttis, and ane spear of sax elne lang or thairby.

Lindsay of Pitscottie, who wrote his history about the year 1573, says of the Highland dress:—

The other pairts (of Scotland) northerne ar full of montaines, and very rud and homlie kynd of people doeth inhabite, which is called the Reidschankis or Wyld Scottis. They be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane shirt saffroned after the Irish manner, going hair legged to the knee. Thair weapones ar bowis and dartes, with ane verie broad sword and ane dagger scharp onlie at the on syde.

An Act of Parliament, anno 1574, under the Regency of the Earl of Morton, directing a general *weaponsharwing* throughout Scotland, makes a distinction between the arms of the lesser gentlemen and yeoman in the Lowlands and those in the Highlands, as under:—

Lowland Arms.—Brigantinis, jakkis, steilbonettis, slevis of plate or mailye, swerdis, pikkis, or speris of sex elnis lang, culveringis, halbertis or tua handit swerdis.

Highland Arms.—Habirschonis, steilbonettis, hektonis, swerdis, bowis and dorlochis or culveringis.

John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, who published his work "De origine, moribus et rebus gestis Scotorum," at Rome in 1578, thus describes the arms and dress of the old Scots, which were still in his time used by the Highlanders and Islanders (pp. 56-58):—

In battle and hostile encounter their missile weapons were a lance or arrows. They used also a two-edged sword, which with the foot soldiers was pretty long, and

short for the horse; both had it broad, and with an edge so exceeding sharp that at one blow it would easily cut a man in two. For defence, they used a coat of mail woven of iron rings, which they wore over a leather jerkin, stout and of handsome appearance, which we call an acton. Their whole armour was light, that they might the more easily slip from their enemies' hands if they chanced to fall into such a strait.

Their clothing was made for use (being chiefly suited to war) and not for ornament. All, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of several colours). These were long and flowing, but capable of being neatly gathered up at pleasure into folds. I am inclined to believe that they were the same as those to which the ancients gave the name of brachae. Wrapped up in these for their only covering, they would sleep comfortably. They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day, some fitted for a journey, others to be placed on a bed. The rest of their garments consisted of a short woollen jacket, with the sleeves open below for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or a defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and wide sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely to their knees. These, the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some greese to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, which they held it of the highest consequence to practice continually. In the manufacture of these, ornament and a certain attention to taste were not altogether neglected, and they joined the different parts of their shirts very neatly with silk thread, chiefly of a green or red colour.

Their women's attire was very becoming. Over a gown reaching to the ancles, and generally embroidered, they wore large mantles of the kind already described, and woven of different colours. Their chief ornaments were the bracelets and necklaces with which they decorated their arms and necks.

George Buchanan in his history of Scotland, first published in 1582, gives the following description of the dress and armour of the Highlanders (Edit. Ultrajecti, 1669, 8vo, p. 24):—

They delight in marled clothes, specially that have long stripes of sundry colours; they love chiefly purple and blew. Their predecessors used short mantles or plaids of divers colours sundry waies devided; and amongst some, the same custom is observed to this day: but for the most part now they are browne, most nere to the colour of the hadder; to the effect, when they lie amongst the hadder, the bright colour of their plaids shall not bewray them; with the which, rather coloured than clad, they suffer the most cruel tempests that blowe in the open field in such sort, that under a wrythe of snow, they sleepe sound. . . . Their armour wherewith they cover their bodies in time of warre, is an iron bonnet and an habbergion, side almost even to their heeles. Their weapons against their enemies are bowes and arrowes. The arrowes are for the most part hooked, with a barble on either side, which, once entered within the body, cannot be drawne forth againe, unless the wounde be made wider. Some of them fight with broad swords and axes.

Nicolay d' Arfeville, Cosmographer to the King of France, published at Paris, in the year 1583, a volume entitled, "*La Navigation du Roy d'Ecosse Jaques Cinquiesme du nom, autour*

de son Royaume, et Isles Hebrides and Orchades, soubz la conduite d' Alexandre Lyndsay, excellent Pilote Ecossois." There is prefixed a description, evidently by d' Arseville himself, of "the Island and Kingdom of Scotland," from which the following is an extract :—

Those who inhabit Scotland to the south of the Grampian chain are tolerably civilized and obedient to the laws, and speak the English language ; but those who inhabit the north are more rude, homely, and unruly, and for this reason are called savages (or wild Scots). They wear, like the Irish, a large and full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock. They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins made in a very old fashion, which come as high as their knees. Their arms are the bow and arrow, and some darts, which they throw with great dexterity, and a large sword, with a single-eyed dagger. They are very swift of foot, and there is no horse so swift as to outstrip them, as I have seen proved several times, both in England and Scotland.

In a MS. *History of the Gordons*, by W. R., preserved in the Advocates' Library (Jac. 5th, 7, 11), the following anecdote is given, as occurring about the year 1591 or 1592 :—

Angus, the son of Lauchlan Macintosh, Chiefe of the Clanchattan, with a great party attempts to surprise the Castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, belonging to Huntly, in which there was but a small garrison ; but finding this attempt could neither by force nor fraude have successe, he retires a little to consult how to compass his intent. In the meantime, one creeps out under the shelter of some old ruins, and levels with his piece at one of the Clanchattan *cloathed in a yellow warr coat* (which amongst them is the badge of the cheiftains or heads of clans), and peircing his body with the bullet, stricks him to the ground, and retires with gladness into the castle. The man killed was Angus himself, whom his people carry away, and concealls his death for many yeirs, pretending he was gone beyond seas.

In 1594, when Red Hugh O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconnall in Ulster, was in rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, he was assisted for some time by a body of auxiliaries from the Hebrides. These warriors are described in the following terms, in the Life of Hugh O'Donnell, originally written in Irish by Peregrine O'Clery, and since translated by the late Edward O'Reilly, Esq. The curious extract from Mr O'Reilly's translation which follows was communicated to the editor by John D'Alton, Esq., barrister-at-law, Dublin :—

These (the auxiliaries from the Isles) were afterwards mixed with the Irish militia, with the diversity of their arms, their armour, their mode, manners, and speech. The outward clothing they wore was a mottled garment with numerous colours hanging in

folds to the calf of the leg, with a girdle round the loins over the garment. Some of them with horn-hafted swords, large and military, over their shoulders. A man when he had to strike with them was obliged to apply both his hands to the haft. Others with bows, well polished, strong, and serviceable, with long twanging hempen strings, and sharp pointed arrows that whizzed in their flight.

Camden in his *Britannia*, first published in 1607, gives the following description of the Highland dress and armour:—

They are clothed after the Irish fashion, in striped mantles, with their hair thick and long. In war they wear an iron head-piece and a coat of mail woven with iron rings; and they use bows and barbed arrows and broad swords.

John Taylor, "the King's Majestie's Water Poet," made an excursion to Scotland in the year 1618, of which he published an amusing narrative under the title of "The Pennylesse Pilgrimage." He describes the dress of the Highlanders in the following account he gives of his visit to Braemar for the purpose of paying his respects to the Earl of Mar and Sir William Moray of Abercairney (Taylor's Works, London, 1633, folio):—

Thus, with extreme travell, ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be, in the Brae of Marr, which is a large country, all composed of such mountaines, that Shooter's Hill, or Malvernes Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver or a gizzard under a capon's wing, in respect to the altitude of their tops or perpendicularitie of their bottomes. There I saw Mount Benawue with a furr'd mist upon his snowy head instead of a night-cap; for you must understand that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills (both in summer as well as in winter.) There did I find the truely noble and Right Honourable Lords John Erskine, Earle of Marr, James Stuart, Earle of Murray, George Gordon, Earle of Engye, sonne and heire to the Marquise of Huntley, James Erskin, Earle of Bughan, and John Lord Erskin, sonne and heire to the Earle of Marr, with their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my best assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, Knight, of Abercarny, and hundred of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man in general in one habit, as if Licurgus had been there and made lawes of equality. For once in the yeere, which is the whole moneth of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdome (for their pleasure) doe come into these Highland countries to hunt, where they doe conforme themselves to the habite of the Highland men, who, for the moste part, speake nothing but Irish; and in former time were those people which were called *red-shanks*. Their habite is shooes with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warme stuff of divers colours, which they call tartane. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuffe that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw, with a plaed about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuffe than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchiefe knit with two knots about their necks; and thus are they attyred. Now, their weapons are long bowes and forked

arrowes, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Loquabor-axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them must not disdain to weare it; for if they doe, then they will disdain to hunt, or willingly bring in their dogges; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habite, then are they conquered with kindnesse, and sport will be plentiful. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting.

My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruines of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting house), who raigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harrold, and Norman William raigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve dayes after, before I saw either house, corne-field, or habitation for any creature, but deere, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seene a house againe.

Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," written about 1721, and obviously composed from authentic material, thus describes the Highland part of the Scottish army which invaded England in 1639, at the commencement of the great civil war. The Cavalier having paid a visit to the Scottish camp to satisfy his curiosity, proceeds (Edit. 1809, p. 201):—

I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders; the oddness and barbarity of their garb and arms seemed to have something in it remarkable. They were generally tall, swinging fellows; their swords were extravagantly and I think insignificantly broad, and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper part of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublet, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, stripped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. These fellows looked, when drawn out, like a regiment of Merry-Andrews ready for Bartholomew fair. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets; and in their belts some of them had a pistol, but no musquets at that time among them.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF CANADA, of which Principal Grant of the Kingston University, Mr Evan MacColl, the "Bard of Lochfyne," and Professor Watson have become members of council at the request of its leading patron, His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion, is destined to make a name for itself not only in Canada but beyond it. Its mission is the cultivation of literary pursuits and recreation. An early meeting at Ottawa will be devoted to laying the foundation of future study and investigation. Canadian literature and science are yet in their infancy, and the new organization can be most useful in nurturing them into healthfulness. We wish the new Society every success.

Correspondence.

LORD MACDONALD AND THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION AND CLEARANCES OF 1849-51-2.

THE following, which has already appeared in the *Inverness Courier*, will, in the light of what has recently occurred on Lord Macdonald's estates in the Isle of Skye, prove interesting to many of our readers who have not seen the original correspondence:—

LETTER FROM THE REV. DONALD MACKINNON, ISLE OF SKYE.

SIR,—More than a generation has passed away, and there are not many now in life who know anything of the administration of the fund raised for the benefit of the suffering Highlanders in 1847; but as I can look back to that time, and know something of what then took place, I think it right to give the most unqualified denial to a scandalous untruth regarding the late Lord Godfrey William Wentworth Macdonald copied into your paper from the *Echo* newspaper, and as you have, no doubt unwittingly, given circulation to the slander, I have as little doubt that you will afford space for its refutation. The *Echo* broadly accuses his lordship of levying tax on the money sent to Skye for the relief of his starving crofters, by employing them to work upon his roads, and paying them with meal purchased by the destitution fund. Any one who knew Lord Macdonald will scout the barefaced calumny. Still many believe it, as it is so boldly stated; therefore in justice to the memory of one of the most generous and kindest hearted landlords ever known in the Highlands, I think it right to show that the slander has not even the small substratum of truth on which falsehood is usually built up, and which helps to give it currency.

With the administration of that fund, Lord Macdonald and his agents had as little to do as had the writer in the *Echo*, who calumniates his honoured name; and were anything more than Lord Macdonald's known high sense of honour required for the refutation of the calumny, we have an ample guarantee that the fact could not have been, as asserted, in the character and standing of the administrators of the fund—W. F. Skene, Esq., W.S., Secretary to the Edinburgh Committee, and Captains Fishburne and Elliot, R.N., who were selected from their known capacity as administrators—one, if not both, having been previously employed by Government in the administration of relief during one of the periodical Irish famines—and to these gentlemen, who, as far as I know, are still in life, and, I believe, both Admirals in the service, the calumny of the *Echo* is as insulting as it is to the memory of Lord Macdonald.

Is it credible that this nobleman, who, when things began to change for the better, generously remitted over £10,000 of arrears to his crofters—though he himself was at the time in difficulties—that they might start fair and clear of debt, with the advent of better times, could entertain the idea of trading on their necessities?

Having disposed of the *Echo*, I hope satisfactorily, let me now turn to the pamphlet on evictions by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, in which he makes a most unjustifiable attack on Lord Godfrey Macdonald, classing him among those landlords who heartlessly evicted their tenantry. I do not doubt that Mr Mackenzie, in the statement which he has made, believed that he was stating a true version of the case, but when reflections upon character are given to the public, the author is not justified in making statements of which he has not completely tested the truth; and had he

carefully done so, he would not have fallen into the misstatement which, I am sure, he will himself regret, when he sees that he has (I have no doubt unwittingly) erred.

At the time referred to by Mr Mackenzie, Lord Macdonald's estates were under trust, not as Mr Mackenzie says by his personally running recklessly into debt, and thus putting it out of his own power to discharge his duties to his people, but because at a critical period he succeeded to estates heavily burdened—largely for improvements made by his predecessors—and also by heavy family settlements. When the various burdens were first laid upon the estates, there was little reason to think that they would ultimately be so ruinous, but just as Lord Godfrey succeeded to the estates, an Act of the Legislature virtually confiscated them. The Act abolishing the duty on Spanish barilla which, in one year, entirely swept away the kelp trade, from which his predecessors had been deriving a revenue of £20,000 a-year, and the Highland Chief, Macdonald of Clanranald, by the same Act of Parliament, lost a revenue of £18,000 a-year. All the sea-board landowners lost in the same proportion, and, as a matter of course, they had no longer the means of giving employment to their tenants who used to make a good deal of money by manufacturing the kelp. With such sudden and unlooked-for confiscation of property, is it any cause of wonder that Highland proprietors got into financial difficulties? Lord Macdonald, I have said, was under trustees; he and the trustees did not get on harmoniously. He was as entirely ignored by them as if he had no interest in the estates. He had during their tenure of office no voice in any of the estate management; so that they, and not he, were responsible for the clearances. These clearances took place under the directions of the local representative of the trustees, attended by circumstances of great barbarity. At the time when they took place, his lordship had a party of his tenants as visitors at Armadale Castle, and it has been repeatedly stated to me by gentlemen who were then there, that on hearing that his tenants had been evicted, he was deeply affected, and denounced the outrage upon his people in no measured terms. This was in 1854. I was then resident in Ross-shire; but being frequently in Skye, and having known the poor people from my childhood, I made it my business to inquire carefully into all the circumstances of the case, and having done so, I exposed them in their atrocity in a series of letters in the *Courier*, in which I stated the case so strongly that the then respected editor of the *Courier* advised me to reconsider my letters before committing myself to such strong statements; but before the next publication of the *Courier*, instead of suppressing any of the statements I had first made, I was able to supplement them by statements more startling still. I was then able, on his own authority, entirely to exonerate Lord Macdonald from any complicity in those outrages, and to show that the people were cleared out, not because they were either unable or unwilling to pay their rent, but because the farms were wanted for a relative or connection of the local agent for the trustees, and I was able to state that fact with confidence, as I had been informed of the plot by a sheep manager, who was sent to value the farms in the interest of the said party, before the people received summonses of removal, and the scheme only fell through in consequence of the failure of another plot to obtain an adjoining farm on which there was a dwelling-house. Of all the statements which I then felt it my duty to make public, though they extended over a series of letters, not one was ever called in question, though a reference to the files of the *Courier* of 1854—the exact date I don't remember—will show that they were so grave as to demand a reply from the trustees, if they could venture to call in question statements so damaging, and leaving at their door the sole discredit of the ruthless treatment of the evicted crofters.—I am, &c.,

DON. MACKINNON.

STRATH, SKYE, May 1, 1882.

REPLY BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

SIR,—The letter which you published from the Rev. D. Mackinnon in your issue of Thursday last, can scarcely be allowed to pass unheeded, though my disposition on first reading it was to treat it as I have treated a previous communication from the same quarter and on the same subject, by taking no notice of it.

I regret that I am unable to lay my hands on the paragraph in the *Courier* which has roused the ire of my reverend friend. I have, however, sent for a copy of the offensive *Echo*, and find that it is grossly misrepresented by Mr Mackinnon. Not having your paragraph before me, I cannot say whether the blame attaches to you or to your correspondent.

Mr Mackinnon says that "the *Echo* broadly accuses his lordship (Macdonald) of levying tax on the money sent to Skye for the relief of his starving crofters, by employing them to work upon his roads and paying them with meal purchased by the destitution fund"; and he eloquently describes this statement, which has no foundation whatever in the *Echo* article as "a scandalous untruth," "slander," "barefaced calumny," and "insulting to the memory of Lord Macdonald."

The article in the *Echo* is a virtual appropriation, so far as it goes, of my pamphlet on the "Highland Clearances," though the writer of it did not consider it his duty to acknowledge the source of his information. The facts given refer to North Uist in 1849, and not to Skye in 1847, as Mr Mackinnon would have us believe; and the only lines in the *Echo* article which have any reference whatever to the destitution fund or to meal are literally as follows:—

"The potato crop had failed; the manufacture of kelp was no longer remunerative; rents had been raised; and strong men were working ninety-six hours a week for a pittance of two stones of Indian meal."

This is under the head of North Uist, and has no reference to Skye. As I said, these statements are taken unacknowledged by the *Echo* from my "Highland Clearances." I took the facts from the *Inverness Courier*, which, in 1849, had a representative on the spot, and which I duly acknowledge in a foot note, at page 31, as my authority; and I could show, if time and space permitted, that the *Courier's* report was accurate, so far as it went, in every detail. It certainly was not over-coloured against the proprietor. I could also show that the statement complained of would have been equally true of Skye, and that the names of Mr Skene, Captains Fishburne and Elliot, are not a sufficient "refutation of the calumny" of which Mr Mackinnon complains.

The 5th rule in the instructions issued by Captain Fishburne, inspector for Skye, under the Central Relief Committee, to his sub-inspectors in the island, is as follows:—

"All employment given directly by the Board, upon which the recipients of relief are to work, must be upon the principle that *the whole labour of the recipients is taken in return for a bare subsistence.*"

This was afterwards explained to mean "a whole day's work for one pound of meal." Sir Charles Trevelyan wrote to Mr Skene from the Treasury:—

"I hold in the strongest manner the opinion that the relief ration *should be confined to a bare subsistence*, and that the necessity the applicant is under of having recourse to it should be tested by the exaction of a full day's work."

Captain Elliot in one of his reports to the Board, wrote:—

"By becoming the hardest taskmasters and the worst paymasters in the district,"

the Board apply an effectual test to the destitution, which the people cannot evade, and to which some instances of its application have shown they will not submit unless driven to it by absolute necessity."

So much for Mr Mackinnon's witnesses in favour of Lord Macdonald, and his own statement, not the *Echo's*, that the Skye people were paid in meal from the destitution committee for working upon his lordship's roads. The practice was universal, and I do not see why Lord Macdonald's friends should feel aggrieved more than those of the other western proprietors.

Sheriff Fraser, of Portree, writing to Sir John Macneil, under date of March 3rd, 1851, in reference to the labour test, says—"Labour, in the results of which the employed has no direct pecuniary interest, and which is avowedly resorted to as a test, is always given grudgingly and sluggishly, and creates or fosters indolent habits. The adoption of the destitution test, the object of which was to exclude from participation in relief all whose resources were not exhausted, had the effect of reducing to pauperism many who, by timely aid, might have been saved from sinking into that condition; and the circumstance of the only relief given being a bare ration of food—*thus leaving clothing and the other wants of humanity unprovided for*—necessarily aggravated that pauperism."

The Rev. Alex. Adams, U.P. minister, Portree, wrote—"I am of opinion that the (labour) test was so stringent that no one who could maintain himself by ordinary employment would accept relief on the terms on which it was offered."

This labour test was applied to Lord Macdonald's estates, and to some extent he must have benefited by the improvements on the roads and crofts on his property in return for doles out of the destitution fund; but I believe, with Mr Mackinnon, that few can be got, in the present day, to believe, in the absence of such proof as I now give, that such proceedings were possible within so short a period, in any part of Great Britain.

Now, as to the portion of Mr Mackinnon's letter which refers more directly to myself. He writes in such a friendly spirit that I really feel unwilling to make any reply, but it is scarcely possible to ignore his charges without an appearance of admitting their accuracy. In my pamphlet, after describing the North Uist evictions, I proceeded:—"The Sollas evictions did not satisfy the evicting craze which his lordship afterwards so bitterly regretted. In 1851-52 [not 1854 as your correspondent says] he, or *rather his trustee*, determined to evict the people from the villages of Borerraig and Suisnish in the Isle of Skye. His lordship's position in regard to the proceedings was most unfortunate. Donald Ross, writing as an eye-witness of these evictions [and who is still alive] says—"Some years ago Lord Macdonald incurred debts on his property to the extent of £200,000, and his lands being entailed his creditors could not dispose of them, but they placed a trustee over them in order to intercept certain portions of the rent in payment of the debt." Mr Mackinnon has himself in his letter characterised the conduct of this trustee and his local representatives in stronger terms than I had dared to use. As to the facts and the "barbarity" of the evictions we are therefore at one, and there is little difference between us as to who was in the main responsible for them. It must, however, be stated, that Lord Macdonald did not, though under trustees, lose his territorial rights, and that he could have stopped these barbarous evictions had he deemed it proper to do so. It is now pleaded for him by his friends that he was ignorant of his power in this respect; and I am quite willing to admit this, though the plea is one which I fear will not tell in favour of leaving power in the hands of people who, from any cause, will permit such atrocities to be carried out in their

name, when, had they been more intelligent and better informed, they might have put an effectual stop to them.

The following is all that the *Echo* says regarding Lord Macdonald's Skye evictions, and it will be seen that no reference whatever is made to Lord Macdonald personally throughout. It is always the factor, and properly so:—

"The Borerraig and Suisinish evictions were carried out with as little consideration as those of North Uist. The people were the descendants of a long line of peasantry, 'remarkable for their patience, their loyalty, and general good conduct;' but these were virtues which did not count with a factor, who considered that they were too far from church. 'No mercy was shown to age or sex. All were indiscriminately thrust out and left to perish on the hills.' One man had gone to labour at harvest in the South, leaving his mother, over eighty years of age, and three children in his cot; and in his absence the sheriff's officer arrived, turned the old woman to the door, and left her to crawl on her hands and knees to the shelter of a sheepcot. The son came home in the winter, despairingly laid himself down by his aged mother, and died. Such cruelties were not perpetrated without resistance. Some of the evicted tenants 'deformed the officers of the law,' as their offence was called, and were imprisoned at Portree, from whence they were marched off on foot to Inverness, a distance of over one hundred miles. As might have been guessed beforehand, the jury declined to convict, and the prisoners were liberated among the hearty cheers of an Inverness crowd. This, however, only made the factor more angry. The families of the acquitted men were evicted at Christmas time, and their furniture, blankets, and clothing lay for many days under the snow, themselves finding shelter in outhouses and barns. More than a hundred years earlier Lady Margaret Macdonald had striven to clear her husband of the suspicion that he had induced some of his people to emigrate. She regarded the idea with horror, and wrote hotly about a certain 'Norman Macleod, with a number of followers that he had picked up to execute his intentions,' her husband being 'baith angry and concerned to hear that some of his ounie people were taken in this affair.'

"To do the Macdonalds justice, they have only followed the example of other Highland landlords. The remote parts of Scotland have been scoured of their inhabitants in the saddest and most inhuman manner. Everybody has heard of the Sutherlandshire evictions, the story of which Hugh Miller has told with indignant pathos. The descendants of the men who followed the Chief of Glengarry to Culloden were informed by Mrs Macdonell in 1853 that she had determined to evict the crofters on her estate to make room for sheep, and that they must hold themselves ready to be conveyed to Australia. In 1745 the population of Glengarry was 5000 or 6000, and now the district is bare of men. The evictions in the neighbouring district of Strathglass were so complete that only two men remained of the ancient stock of the Chisholms. In 1849, 500 Highlanders were driven from Glenelg, and in the same year 2000 were shipped off from South Uist and Barra. Yet the population of the Highlands had been fearfully thinned at the beginning of the century. In 1801-2-3, some twenty-four cargoes of emigrants were despatched to America and the Colonies, and altogether not less than 10,000 souls are said to have left the Western Islands and the Isles in the first six years of the century."

The reason which Mr Mackinnon now gives for the evictions from Borerraig and Suisinish, is quite new to me, and makes the matter infinitely worse than I had ever imagined; and I would fain hope that the trustee, or his subordinate, who is still alive, will have something to say for himself, now that Lord Macdonald's friends charge him with being entirely responsible for what they designate such horrid barbarity.

I am quite willing to believe that Lord Macdonald personally regretted what had occurred. What I complain of is that having the power he did not put a stop to the cruelties perpetrated by his representatives on his property and in his name. To show that I felt and admitted this all through, permit me to quote the offending pamphlet. After describing the atrocities committed, and now admitted by Mr Mackinnon, I concluded thus:—

“And yet it is well known that in other respects no more humane man ever lived than he who was *nominally* responsible for the cruelties carried out at Sollas. He allowed himself to be imposed upon by others, and completely abdicated his high functions as landlord and chief of his people. I have the most conclusive testimony and assurance from one who knew his lordship intimately, that to his dying day, he never ceased to regret what had been done in his name, and, at the time, with his tacit approval, in Skye and in North Uist. This should be a warning to other proprietors, and induce them to consider carefully proposals submitted to them by heartless or inexperienced subordinates.”

At present I shall not go into the question of responsibility for his lordship's falling into the hands of trustees, beyond saying that he succeeded to the Macdonald estates, on the death of his father, on the 18th of October 1832, he being then 23 years of age. He thus held the property for nearly 20 years before the date of these evictions, and one is naturally disposed to think that a prudent chief would have been able to do something during this long period to obviate the consequences of such burdens, left by his lordship's predecessors, as Mr Mackinnon now contends for. I have my own views on that point, and I am in possession of information regarding it which will make your correspondent and the public open their eyes, if he desires to see it and I can find time and space to enable me to submit it to the public, who are now more interested than they have been since the evictions of 1849 and 1851-2 in the past management of the Macdonald estates.

I am sorry that I should have been driven to write so much on this question. I wished to avoid it; but if Lord Macdonald's friends will further oblige me to publish the other facts in my possession, I shall probably satisfy their cravings in a more permanent form, and at greater length than your columns will admit of, and which, out of deference to their feelings, I refrained from publishing in my History of the Macdonalds.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

“CELTIC MAGAZINE” OFFICE, INVERNESS, May 6th, 1882.

[The continuation of this correspondence will appear in the July number.]

ABSENTEE LANDLORDS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

	Acreage.	Present Annual Value.
Lord Macdonald	129,918	£13,569 4 2
Macleod of Macleod	141,679	8,601 9 6
Major Fraser of Kilmuir	46,142	7,915 1 0
Trustees of the late Sir John Macpherson Macleod	35,022	1,397 8 1
MacAllister of Strathaird	13,000	952 5 0
Total	365,762	£32,435 7 9
RESIDENT PROPRIETORS IN DO.		
Captain Macleod of Waternish	5,755	£1,332 1 10
Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost	6,289	716 1 10
Dr Martin, Husabost	5,000	561 11 8
Alexander Macdonald of Lyndale	5,000	557 5 0
Alexander Macdonald of Freaslane	3,001	243 16 0
Total	25,045	£3,410 16 4

Abordeen Daily Free Press.

THE MATHESONS OF LOCHALSH AND ARDROSS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

V. JOHN MATHESON, who purchased for his eldest son the estate of Attadale and Corrychruby, about 1730, from Alexander Mackenzie, VIII. of Davochmaluag. He was factor for the Seaforth estates of Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron, and "was accounted the most reputable farmer in the North Highlands of Scotland."*

He married, first, a daughter of Mackenzie of Achilty, "in the Island of Lewis," with issue—two sons, who died in infancy.

He married, secondly, on the 9th of September 1728, Margaret, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, I. of Pitlundie, son of Alexander Mackenzie, II. of Belmaduthy, by his wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, I. of Coul, Baronet. Margaret's mother was Anne, daughter of Hector Mackenzie of Bishop-Kinkell, and grand-daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, VI. of Gairloch. By this lady Matheson had issue—

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Kenneth, killed at the capture of Quebec, under General Wolfe, without issue.
3. Alexander, who succeeded his brother Donald at Fernaig and Attadale.
4. William, who died unmarried.
5. Farquhar, of Court Hill, who married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, with issue—(1) William, a Captain in the 78th Highlanders, who died without issue; (2) Janet, who married Alexander Matheson, and emigrated to America. Farquhar married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of John Mackenzie of Achiltie and Kinellan, a grandson of Sir Colin Mackenzie, Bart., IV. of Coul, with issue; (3) an only son, Farquhar, now living in London.
6. Anne, who married Alexander Mackenzie, Kishorn, son of Captain John, fourth son of John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross.
7. Mary, who married Simon Mackenzie, III. of Alduinny, with issue.

* Iomaire Manuscript.

8. Catharine, who married Archibald Chisholm, grandfather of the present James Sutherland Chisholm of Chisholm.

John Matheson married, thirdly, in 1745, Elizabeth, daughter of Simon Mackenzie, I. of Allangrange (by Isobel, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon), with issue—one son,

9. John, who married, with issue—an only son, Alexander, Captain, 78th Highlanders, who died in India, in 1809, without issue.

He died in 1760, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. DONALD MATHESON, second of Attadale, who built the mansion-house there during his father's lifetime, in 1755, and married Elizabeth, daughter of James Mackenzie, III. of Highfield (by Mary, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, IV. of Applecross, by his wife, Anne, daughter of Alastair Dubh Macdonell, XI. of Glengarry, by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Hugh, Lord Lovat), without issue. He died in 1763. His widow married, as her second husband, Farquhar Matheson of Tullich.

He was succeeded by his brother,

VII. ALEXANDER MATHESON, third of Attadale, who, in 1763-4, married his cousin Catharine, daughter of Alexander Matheson, Achandarrach, by Mary, daughter of Murdo Mackenzie of Sand, with issue, twenty-one children, of whom only one son and four daughters arrived at maturity.

1. John, who succeeded his father.

2. Margaret, who married, as his second wife, Roderick Mackenzie of Achavannie, with issue—one son, Alexander, still living.

3. Anne, who married Farquhar Matheson of Achandarrach.

4. Mary, who died unmarried.

He died in January 1804, when he was succeeded by his only surviving son,

VIII. JOHN MATHESON, fourth of Attadale, who, in 1804, married Margaret, daughter of Captain Donald Matheson of Shiness, by Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Mackay, minister of Lairg, son of the Rev. John Mackay, by Catharine, daughter of John Mackay of Kirtonny, grand-nephew of Donald, first Lord Reay, and grandson maternally of Sir James Fraser of Brae, son of Simon, eighth Lord Lovat. By this lady, who died in 1850, Matheson had issue—

1. Alexander, his heir, now Baronet of Lochalsh, born in 1805.

2. Farquhar, minister of Lairg, which charge he resigned in 1878. He now resides in Inverness, unmarried.

3. Donald, settled in America, where he married, with issue.

4. Hugh, who married, in 1837, Christian, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Macpherson, D.D., minister of Golspie, with issue, four daughters. Hugh died in 1875.

5. John, who died young.

6. Catherine, who, in 1834, married General John Macdonald, H.E.I.C.S., with surviving issue—(1) Donald, a Colonel in the Indian Army, married in April 1865, Emilia Frances, daughter of Lieutenant Crommelin, R.A., without issue; (2) John Matheson, a partner in the well-known firm of Matheson & Company, Lombard Street, London, who married, in October, 1870, Eleanora Leckie, daughter of William Leckie Ewing of Arngomery, Stirlingshire, with issue—Norman Matheson, Eric William, John Buchanan, Eleanora Leckie, Catherine Matheson, and Bertha. General Macdonald has also three daughters.

7. Harriet, who, on the 24th of March, 1835, married Charles Lyall, London, with issue—(1) Charles James, born 1845, and married, in 1870, Florence Lyall, daughter of Henry Fraser, with issue, one son and four daughters; (2) Henry, a Captain in the Royal Artillery, born 1849, and married, in 1876, Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of Colonel Akers, Royal Engineers, with issue, one daughter; (3) Caroline Alexa, who in 1865 married the Rev. Bradley Hust Alford, M.A., with issue, two daughters; (4) Harriet Jane, (5) Mary, (6) Edith Margaret, and (7) Constance.

John Matheson died in 1826, when he was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his eldest son,

IX. ALEXANDER MATHESON, now of Lochalsh, Attadale, and Ardross, M.P. for the County of Ross. During his father's lifetime the family was, in 1825, reduced to the necessity of parting with the last remnant of their heritable possessions in the west by the sale of Attadale, and Alexander Matheson had to begin life afresh without any of those advantages of position and wealth which make success in life so comparatively easy. His uncle, the late Sir James Matheson of the Lews, Baronet, was at the time largely engaged and very successful in the commercial

world of India and China, and under his auspices an opening was found for young Matheson in the famous mercantile house of Jardine, Matheson, & Co., on the retirement from which he founded and became head of the eminent firm of Matheson & Company, London.

About 1839, a comparatively young man, he returned to the Highlands, where he had spent the earlier years of his life, with a magnificent fortune, and, in 1840, made his first start in the purchase of Highland property. In that year he bought the lands of Ardintoul and Letterfearn, a pretty estate of about 6000 acres, lying on the south side of Lochalsh and Loch Duich, for £15,500. In 1844 he acquired the lands of Inverinate, on the north side of Loch Duich, an ancient heritage of the Mackenzies and the Macraes, for £30,000. In 1851 he bought Lochalsh, the ancestral possessions of his House, for £120,000. In 1857 he acquired Strathbran and Ledgowan, near Achnasheen, for £32,000. In 1861, Attadale, the last heritable property in the hands of his ancestors, he secured for £14,520, and in 1866 he bought New Kelso and Strathcarron for £26,000; altogether a magnificent stretch of Highland property, containing about 115,000 acres, at a total cost of £238,020, which in 1881 realised an annual rent of £13,705. In addition to the original cost, Mr Matheson has since spent about £120,000, including some £50,000 expended on his beautiful mansion of Duncraig, on the improvement of his West Highland property, bringing the total up to £358,020.

During the same period that he was accumulating this large property in the west, he acquired the estate of Ardross, extending to 60,000 acres, in Easter Ross, at a cost of £90,000; Dalmore, for £24,700; Culcairn, for £26,640; Delny and Balintraid, for £28,250; which, with other neighbouring properties, make a sum, for lands in Easter Ross, amounting to over £185,000, yielding an annual rental, in 1881, of £9324; while the outlays for improvements, including Ardross Castle and grounds, amount to nearly £230,000; total, £415,000. His entire possessions in the County of Ross extend to over 220,000 acres at a cost of £773,020.

In addition to these extensive and valuable estates, Mr Matheson, in 1847, purchased lands in the Burgh of Inverness—the most valuable portion of the estate of Muirtown, and the smaller properties of Fairfield, Planefield, Macleod's Park, and

Ness House Grounds, lying between the River Ness and the Caledonian Canal, and including all the feu-duties and the greater part of the feuing-ground present and prospective (except the property of the Mackintosh Farr Trustees), on the west side of the Ness. In addition to the purchase price of this property, Mr Matheson has spent between £35,000 and £40,000 in improvements and modern buildings on the estate, the rental of which, in 1881, was about £3,500, but which by no means represents the ultimate value of the property, which is yearly increasing from new feu-duties. The rental in 1862 was only £1141, but by purchase of the small properties above-mentioned, and the judicious outlay on roads and buildings, under the wise management of Mr Alex. Ross, architect, Inverness, the property will soon be very much more enhanced in value.

In 1875, on the occasion of the coming of age of his heir, Kenneth J. Matheson, we are told that "it is no disparagement to other lairds to say that Mr Matheson was among the first in the present generation who saw the advantage of acquiring Highland property as a means of employing capital advantageously in the development of the resources of the country, and it is only due to patriotic feeling to point out the care with which, in the revolution which his improvements have effected in many parts of the County of Ross, he has avoided disturbing the traditional associations of the people. Something like £300,000 has been expended by Mr Matheson in land improvements and building in Ross-shire, but in all the work which that vast sum represents, we have not heard that it was found necessary to embitter the feelings of a single township, or even a shealing. His capital has been used to the great benefit of the country, and the means employed have been administered with so much wisdom, forbearance, and kindliness, that the demonstrations of rejoicing now agitating the County of Ross are, we believe, as sincere and hearty as they are universal."* In all this we heartily concur.

The improvements on the Ardross property have been on a most extensive scale. When it came into the possession of Mr Matheson it had a population of 109 souls. The place itself is described as "a rough, undeveloped piece of mountain land,"

* *Inverness Courier*, May 1875.

while "innumerable boulders of the coarsest porphyry strewed the hillsides, and were buried in the bogs that covered the low-lying lands." The result of the improvements is described as marvellous. "About 5000 acres have been put under wood; 4000 acres have been brought into cultivation, and rarely have been seen pasture and corn fields giving richer promise of an abundant harvest than the large, well-fenced enclosures between Alness and Ardross. There is now [1875] a population of about 500 or 600 people on the property, twenty to thirty of them being substantial farmers." In the short period of nine years the improvements on this one estate comprised the trenching, draining, and liming of 2600 acres, the building of $67\frac{1}{2}$ miles of dykes, the erection of 11 miles of wire-fencing, the making of 28 miles of roads, and the planting and enclosing of 3000 acres, besides the erection of new steadings, and the building of a magnificent modern castle, with all its adjuncts, all on a scale and in a spirit previously unexampled in the Highlands.

Mr William Mackenzie, the late factor, writing in the *Transactions of the Highland Society* in 1858, says:—"It was not the wish of Mr Matheson that any of the old tenants should leave the property; he was anxious and willing to provide them all with good farms and far better houses than they ever had," but these should be within the general scope of the improvements. "Indeed upon the whole of Mr Matheson's extensive possessions there has been no clearing of the old inhabitants to make room for improvements or sheep walks. It has been found perfectly compatible to carry out the most extensive improvements without removing a single tenant, or attempting to expatriate a peasantry of which any country might be justly proud. All that has been found necessary was simply to adjust matters; and none can be more easily managed than our Highland crofters in this way, if they are but kindly and fairly dealt with." Mr Matheson and his subordinates appear to have acted throughout on this wise and patriotic principle of kindness and fair-dealing.

He was not only instrumental in getting the Dingwall and Skye Railway constructed, but it is doubtful whether, without his influence and means, we should have even yet a railway across the Grampians connecting us directly with the South. There is no doubt at all that to him and to the Duke of Sutherland are

mainly due that we have a system of railways throughout the Highlands, and the consequent prosperity which has followed in their wake during the last twenty years.

Mr Matheson is and has been for years Chairman of the Highland Railway. He represented the Inverness District of Burghs in Parliament from 1847 to 1868, when, on the retirement of his uncle, Sir James Matheson of the Lews, from the County of Ross, Mr Matheson gave up the Burghs and succeeded his uncle in the representation in Parliament of his native county, a position which he still holds.

This year his public services have been suitably acknowledged by the Crown, a Baronetcy having just been conferred upon him. On the 12th of May he was gazetted Sir Alexander Matheson, Baronet, of Lochalsh.

He married, first, in 1840, Mary, only daughter of James Crawford Macleod, Younger of Geanies, without issue. She died in 1841. He married, secondly, in 1853, the Honourable Lavinia Mary (who died in 1855), youngest daughter of Thomas Stapleton of Carlton, Yorkshire, and sister of Miles, 8th Lord Beaumont (descended from Miles, first Lord Beaumont—who died in 1314—by Sibill, eldest daughter of Sir John de Bella Aquí, or Bellew, heiress of Carlton; and also from John, second Lord Beaumont—who died in 1342—by Lady Alianora Plantagenet, daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, and great-granddaughter of Henry III., King of England.) By this lady Mr Matheson has issue—

1. Kenneth James, his heir, now Younger of Lochalsh; born in 1854.

2. Mary Isabell, who, in 1881, married Wallace Charles Houston, youngest son of the late Col. Houston of Clerkington.

Mr Matheson married, thirdly, in 1860, Eleanor Irving (who died in 1879), fifth daughter of Spencer Perceval (by Anna, daughter of General Norman Macleod of Macleod), and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister of Great Britain (assassinated in 1812), son of John, second Earl of Egmont. By this lady, his third wife, Mr Matheson has issue—

3. Alexander Perceval, born in 1861.

4. Roderick Mackenzie Chisholm, born in 1861.

5. Farquhar George, born in 1871. 6. Eleanor Margaret.

7. Anna Elizabeth. 8. Flora. 9. Hylda Nora Grace.

CUMHA LE RUAIRI MACLEOD DA MHNAOI,

A CHAOCHAIL AIR CEUD LA NA BLIADHNA, 1870.

[Air from Oran "Chailean Ghlinn-iudhair."]

Bha bhliadhn ùr so na sòlas,
Aig cuid ri sùgradh 's ri òrain,
Le inneil chiuil de gach seorsa,
'S le ithe is òl aig am buird ;
Bha tighean sùgraidh na h' òigridh,
Gach sealladh ùr 's tighean òsda,
Le duil nach faigh iad an leor dhiubh,
Ged 's tric thig bròn air an cùl ;
Ach bha e chaochladh sud dhomhsa,
Nam shuidh am aonar 's mi leointe,
'S mi faicinn sgaoileadh a chorda
Le'n robh mi posda ri'm rùn,
Bu chulaidh smaointin bhi còmh' rium,
An am bhi chaochladh an deo leat,
Mi fein 's na maotharain oga,
Nuair thainig sgleo air do shuil.

Be rìgh nan uamhas am bàs ud, [rium,
Le aghaidh ghruamaich gun bhaigh
Nuair thug e uam mo bhean ghradhach,
Chuir sud gath sàtthe nam chridh' ;
Gabhaidh truas dhìom a chàirdean,
Tha bhuille chruaidh so gam fhàsgadh,
Is neart mo ghuailne air m'fhàgail,
A ghiulain m' àghar 's gach nì ;
'S mi na mo thruaghan san fhàsach,
A' giulan uallach do phàisdean,
Is lot ro chruaidh e gu m' àirneibh,
Nuair nì iad ràn ga do chaoidh ;
Is Och ! mo chruas dhaibh, cha nàr e,
Bu tearc a fhuair cho caomh màthair,
Bha làn do thruas is do bhaigh dhoibh,
Gach uair bhiodh slàn iad na tinn.

Fhuair mi na h'òchd bliadhna deug ud
Dheth d' chomunn luachmhormarcheile,
'S bha buaidh is beannachdan speiseil
G'ad leantuinn fein anns gach cuis ;
Bha gliocas suaire' is deadh bheusan,
'S tu banail usal làn ceille, [laich,
'S do dhol mun cuairt air ceann teagh-
Na chorrann sgeimh dhomh 's na chrùn ;
Do chomhairl' fhuair mi 's gach eigin,
'San aghaidh buairidh bu treun thu,
'S cha b'ann le buaireas gu beumach,
Ach macant', seimh, agus ciuin,
'San t'ait a fhuair thu 's tu ghleidh e,
Chuir gràs nastuamachd deadh sgeimh ort.
Is sheall thu suas anns gach ceum rium,
'S tu làn do cheill anns gach cuis.

Se bean le buadhan cho ordheirc,
A sgaradh uamsa a nì leòn mi,
Sa dh'fhag cho truagh mi nam sheomar,
'S mo shuil fo dheoir ga do chaoidh.
On là san d'fhuair mi gle og thu,
Marthiodhlacluachmhorga'm chomhnadh,
Cha tug do ghluasad riamh bròn domh,
Ach ciallach stòlda ri m' taobh ;
Sa thaobh do thruais 's innidh thròcair,
Ri cor nan truaghan bhìodh leòinte,
Bu tric a ghluais iad gu deoir thu,
Sa fhuair iad solas ri d' taobh,
'S tu dortadh ioc-shlaint nan leòntaibh,
Sa dh' ionnsuidh Iosa ga'n seoladh,
A fhuair thu prìseil gad chomhnadh,
Na shith 's na sholas ro chaomh.

Ged bha do bhriathran cho òrdail,
'S do chòmhairl' ciallach an comhnuidh,
Se dh'fhag cho fiachail 's gach dòigh thu,
'S thug deur a bhòin o mo shùil,
Gu robh do ghnìomh a dol còmh' ris,
'S tu farsuinn fialaidh an comhnuidh ;
Co chunnaic riamh aig do bhord thu
Nach d' riarach stòldachd do shùl ?
'S thu toirt cho ciallach 's cho dòigheal,
A reir am fiach do gach seorsa,
Co dhiubh bhiodh iosal na mor iad,
Na d' chridhe an comhnuidh bhiodh rùm ;
'S nam biodh a h'aon ann do'n t-seòrs ud,
A chaidh a shaoradh tre throcair,
Bhiodh Peggi chaomh ri'n taobh stòlda,
Le faoilt an t-sòlais na gnùis.

Do chruth cho dealbhach 's cho boidheach,
'S tu geal is dearg mar na ròsan,
Ged chaidh tre dhoirbheasan mor thu,
Bha fiamh na h'òige na d' ghnùis.
Bu mhi chuis fharmaid aig moran,
On fhuair mi sealbh le làn choir ort,
Bi bhuille shearbh an diugh dhomh 's e.
Thu bhi gun deo anns an ùir,
Bho la do leanbachd is t-oigheachd,
Gu la do ghairm gu t-fhois ghlormhor,
Do chliu is t-ainm bha dol còlamh,
Na dhearbhadh sònruicht 's gach cuis ;
Gu robh iad ainmig san so so,
An cliù san ainm bha cha ordheirc,
Mar mathair ionmhuinn 's bean phosda,
Na t'ionmhas mor dhomb 's miann sùil.

JOHN MACCODRUM.

[Continued from p. 437, Vol. III.]

V.

BESIDES the patriotic effusions by MacCodrum to which reference has already been made, there are others less known, but equally characteristic of his peculiar genius, the most deserving of notice being "Cuideachadh Iain Ghrudair," and two emigration songs. The first of these was composed to the Clanranald chief of the day, and apparently in much the same circumstances as "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill." Iain Grudair, like Domhal-mac-Fhionnlaidh, seems to have attempted versification laudatory of Clanranald, which was more sincere than successful. MacCodrum is asleep, or pretends to be so, while Iain Grudair chaunts his doggerel lay, and on being awakened by his unmusical measures, sings this eulogistic song. It embodies the same warlike spirit as "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill;" is as forcible in its descriptions of imaginary warfare and carnage; abounds as much in the marshalling of hosts and the din of arms, and describes in equal detail the coming of chieftains and their followers to the field of strife. He depicts the raising of Clanranald's banner, with the heraldic insignia of the clan, and accompanied by the music of drums and bagpipes:—

'Nuair nochdar ri crann do shioda
Chluinntear piob 'us drumachean;
Bì sunicheantas taitneach gu leor
Aig Domhnullaich, na curaidhean:
Fraoch nan garbh-bheann air mac meamnach,
'S craobh nach searg an duilleach aic;
Long 'us bradan 'us lamh-dhearg
'Us leoghan feargha furachail.

MacCodrum lived and died before those heart-rending Clearances to which the editor of the *Celtic Magazine** recently directed public attention. The last generation of Highland landlords has certainly not transmitted a fragrant name to posterity. As, however, we cannot reform our ancestors, the grave may be allowed to close upon those skeletons of past tyranny. It is to be hoped that such retrospective glances may have the effect of dissociating from the name landlord the ideas of terrorism and

* In his "History of Highland Clearances."

oppression which tradition has been too long and extensively connected therewith.

Our bard, though he flourished before those terrible evictions which occurred at the beginning of this century, seems to have witnessed numerous instances of emigration, which were by no means of a voluntary character. The following lines bear testimony to this fact :—

'S e seùl tha cruaidh
Gu'n do ghabh sibh fuadach,
Ar sàr dhaoìn' uaisle,
Gun ghruaim gun sgraing :
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fogradh,
'S cha b' ann 'g'ur deoin e,
Do'n tìr nach b' eolach
An seors' ud ann.

He gives pathetic expression to his sorrow at the depopulation of his native land, not so much on account of those who had gone perforce, to seek a home in the far American continent, but for the country's sake, which was thus being shorn of the flower of its manhood and its best security in the day of peril. Flocks of sheep would, in the poet's estimation, afford but poor protection were a period of danger from the country's foes to arise :—

'S ged a chruinnicheadh sibh caogad
'Mhuilt 'us reithichean caola,
'S beag a' thogas a h-aon diubh
Claidheamh faobharach stailinn.

In lines instinct with mournful recollection and regret—lines which may well awaken an echo in the hearts of those to whom such scenes are familiar—does the bard descant upon the wild and ruined abodes where once a happy and prosperous people dwelt. Nor does he forget to bestow a tribute of unstinted praise upon those who were compelled, by the high hand of might, to leave their ancestral homes :—

Ar daoine fialaidh
Bha cliuiteach ciatach,
Nach d' fhuairadh riamh
Ann a fiar no feall ;
Bha fearail feargha,
Gun bhleid gun anbhar,
Gun chealg gun sannt.

There are only two elegies extant of which MacCodrum is the author. One of these was composed to his much loved patron, Sir James Macdonald, whose early death he deploras. That event was certainly a great blow to his country and people; but whether the poet's sad prediction, "Dhe cha dirich Clann Domhnuill ni 's airde," will be verified, the future alone can disclose. At any rate the poet regarded Sir James' death as the most lamentable of a series of misfortunes which had, within the compass of not many years, visited the Macdonald vassals in Skye and Uist. Six of the Macdonald chiefs of Sleat had, one after another, been cut off at an early age:—

Sinn ri iarguinn nan curaigh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuain;
Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an làraich.

Sir James' death, however, was the most deplorable of all, not because it was the last and the wound was fresh, but because he was really the best among the good, and though he had not lived long he had lived well. Such is the tribute that the sorrowful bard pays to his memory:—

Chaill sinn duilleach ar geige,
Graine mullaich ar deise;
So an turas chuir éis air na h-armuinn.

MacCodrum's other elegy was composed to Alexander Macdonald, or, as he was better known to his countrymen, "Alastair MacDhomhuill," who was factor for Clanranald's Long Island estates during the latter half of last century. He seems to have been a man of remarkable popularity, and was renowned for his physical strength. His descendants, until within recent years, occupied the farm of Penenirin in South Uist. His end was a tragic one. The channel which separates the island of Kirkibost, where he lived, from the mainland is fordable at low water, leaving large tracts of sand dry during several hours of the day. On one occasion, when Mr Macdonald was returning from some distant part to his island home, he fell from horseback in a fit while crossing the strand, and ere he could recover was overtaken by the approaching tide and drowned. Thus does the bard make allusion to the sad suddenness of his death:

Ann a' larach na coise
 Far nach d'fhuair thu cur socair air làr,
 Luidh an t-aog ort a thiota;
 Aig an aon Dia tha fhios mar a bha.

This is not an age in which factors are likely, as a body, to become the objects of poetical benediction, at least in the Gaelic language. This is not, however, because gratitude has died out of the Highland heart, but because the factor's is too seldom a mission of benevolence. There is one verse in this elegy which lauds Mr Macdonald as a factor, and it were well for those who occupy that position now to ponder and emulate the virtues it describes:—

Bu tu beannachd na tuatha,
 'S tu nach teannadh gu cruaidh iad mu'n mhàl;
 Ceann diadhaidh nan truaghan,
 'Nuair a dh'iarradh iad fuasgladh 'nan càs;
 Fhìr a b' aon-fhillte cridhe.
 'S tu gun chlaonadh gun sligheachan ceann;
 'S tu nach buineadh a bhuinig
 Air a' chluan sin nach cuireadh am bàrr.

This concludes our review of MacCodrum's poems. Before, however, bringing this notice to an end we may briefly refer to some of those sallies of wit and humour of which he was so dexterous a master. His extensive acquaintance with his mother tongue, allied with his quick perception of analogies in sound and sense, enabled him to excel in playing upon words in a manner which often produced amusing effects. In this respect he was different from other Gaelic bards. The typical Highlander is not a punster, nor was punning a species of wit in which the votaries of the Celtic muse appear to have indulged even in their gayest and most sportive moods. John MacCodrum was an exception to this rule. Many of his puns are well known to the present generation of his countrymen, and had there been a Boswell to treasure his *bon mots*, the collection would have constituted quite a repository of wit. A few instances that have been culled from oral tradition will serve to illustrate this particular bent of the poet's mind. He was one day met by a young man of whom he asked the question, "Co as a thainig thu?" "Thainig mi," answered the youth, "as an Uachdar" (a township). "Mata," says John, "'S ann mar sin is docha na coin ga d' imlich!"

Several stories have been handed down illustrative of his keen and caustic powers of rejoinder. It is told of him that he once went on a visit to Kingsburgh, in Skye, and not being known to the domestics, and not having introduced himself, he was allowed for some time to sit unnoticed in the kitchen. John was impatient and somewhat out of humour, when one of the servants, knowing he had come from Uist, and it being reported that Clanranald was dead, remarked, "Nach do dh'eug Mac-'ic-Ailein." "Mar do dh'eug," answered the bard, "rinn iad an eucoir, thiodhlaic iad e." After a while the same servant asked him "Ciod e cho fad 's a bha e os cionn talmhainn?" "Bha tri fichead bliadhna 's a deich." The girl felt rather insulted, and complained to her mistress of the stranger's impudence; but when it was discovered that he was MacCodrum—the master and mistress, who were none other than Captain Allan Macdonald and the illustrious Flora, both of whom he celebrated in song, he was at once warmly and hospitably entertained.

On one occasion he was partaking of a neighbour's hospitality in the form of bread and milk. Not only was the diet simple, but the quantity was very meagre, and on seeing a fly alight on the milk and getting drowned, the bard remarked, "A chreutair leipidich a dhol ga'd bhathadh fein far a faodadh tu grunnachadh." "Thoiribh tuilleadh bainne do 'n duine," said his host. "Tha diol an arain a dh'annlan ann," said John.

His best *impromptu*, and one of the happiest I ever heard of, was made on the occasion of draining Loch-Asdainn, in North Uist. The operation was carried on under the supervision of the factor, Macdonald of Balranald, and the whole country side turned out to take part in the work. John, with characteristic indolence, did not appear upon the scene until the whole business was over, and a cask of "mountain dew" had been broached for the refreshment of the labourers. The factor, desirous of getting a "rise" out of him, offered the bard a glass of strong waters, saying, "So, Iain, sin agad pairt de bhuirn Loch Asdainn." John's reply was given on the spur of the moment as follows:—

Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia burn Loch-Asdainn,
Ge maith fhaileadh 's fearr a bhlas,
'S ma tha e mar so gu leir
'S mor am beud a leigeil as.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that MacCodrum was no common bard, and no ordinary man. In our opinion he has never got the place due to him among the poets of his native land. While many others who clung with but indifferent success to the skirts of the muses have had their praises trumpeted, their lives recorded, and every fragment they composed carefully edited and printed, the works of this most genuine bard were never collected into a volume. When some of his poems were first published, they were not known to be his until his countrymen claimed them for him, and several of his productions of high merit were mere floating traditions, until a few years ago they were rescued from oblivion by being reduced to manuscript by the present writer. True, he had some remarkable defects as a poet. As we before pointed out he is an almost, if not altogether, solitary instance of a Gaelic bard without love—a passion which has created some of the most exquisite gems of Celtic poetry. There is thus an incompleteness in his poetry, a want of that human tenderness and warmth which glow in the pages of Macintyre and Ross. Still, with all that, there are several of his compositions which, in the opinion of all competent judges, stand in the front rank of Gaelic poetry.

It would be too much to say that the genius of Gaelic poetry has deserted its ancient haunts—that the Celtic muse has been gathered to her fathers. So long as Mary Mackellar, Evan MacColl—the author of “An t-Eilean Mullach”—and others survive, we shall have poets of whom to be proud. But with such men as John MacCodrum departed what may be called, “*Si parva licet componere magnis*,” the Augustan age of Highland poetry, the last link of a line of long ago, the line of family bards. His grave in the Church-yard of Kilmuir, in North Uist, still lies unmarked by storied urn or animated bust. His countrymen have not yet seen it their duty to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of their greatest bard. It is true that the most imperishable monument of a poet's fame are those products of his inspiration which he hands down to unborn generations. Our bard might say with the same consciousness of immortality as Horace, “I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids;” but it is none the less a fact that those upon whom his memory

has the strongest claims should express their appreciation of what his gifts have left them by inscribing it on granite or marble. It is to be hoped that the stigma which has rested upon those who have so long neglected a distinct duty may soon be wiped away. In these papers I have endeavoured, however inadequately, to give a correct conception of one who has been aptly called the "Homer of the Western Isles," and I shall deem my labours greatly recompensed if my countrymen take up the hint which I have now thrown out, and at a not far distant period rear a monument which, although less enduring than his poems, will yet be a fitting mark of their admiration for the poetic gifts of John MacCodrum. A. M'D.

[We would suggest to our esteemed Contributor to proceed further with the good work by giving MacCodrum's poems to the public. This would be a capital beginning in the direction of raising a permanent monument of another kind to the bard.]

JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—
THE KINTAIL BARD.

III.

A VALUED correspondent writes :—"The four songs which appear in your May issue, according to the Kintail account of them, were composed by Ian MacMhurchaidh after he made up his mind to emigrate to Carolina. Some of his acquaintances had emigrated some years before him. The John Beaton mentioned in his song was one of the first batch of emigrants, who had sent home a very glowing account of their prosperity in America. He was a native of Glenelg. Hence the bard's great anxiety to go after them, and thereby better his condition, as the free-and-easy manner of living which he had up to that time followed was getting beyond his means. Besides, as we see from these songs, the Game Laws were being enforced, and the river fishings strictly preserved. The ship in which he and many others were to emigrate anchored at Cailleach in Lochalsh.

It is said that the bard invited the captain of the ship to dinner with him, when his guest, seeing his table better provided

with good things than was the ordinary lot of common emigrants, enquired of his host if he was always able to have such a spread for himself? Being answered in the affirmative, the captain told the bard that he would not be able to have such in America, and, at the same time, strongly advised him to stay at home. His wife and many of the friends he was leaving behind him also urged him to this. Being undecided as to what, in the circumstances, he should do, his friend Ardintoul pointed out to him that, if he turned home after all that he had said, sang, and done, he would live despised ever after as a weak-minded coward. The thought of being held dishonoured and a coward decided the matter in favour of his going, and it was then, on board the ship, that he composed the song, *A nise bho na thachair sinn*, of which our correspondent supplies the following additional verse:—

Mollachd air an uachdaran,
A chuir cho fad air chuaintean sinn,
Air son beagan a mhàl suarach,
'S cha robh buannachd aige fhein deth.

He also supplies the following additional stanza of the song beginning *Bho na sguir mi 'phaidheadh mair*:—

Togaidh sinn iorram le fonn,
Bho nach duinnig a chaochla bonn,
Gheibh sinn na phaidheas an lòn,
'S na chuireas fonn fo mhnathan dhuinn.

To the Laird of Fairburn's song he adds—

'S tu 'n uachdaran as urramaiche,
'Chuala mi na chunna' mi,
'S tha'n tuath a toirt an urram dhuìt,
Gu cumail riu an còrach.

He also supplies the following more complete version of the second song given in our last issue:—

Sgeula a fhuair mi bho Dhìdonaich,
Air leam nach bi 'choir a bh'aca.
Thogainn fonn, fonn, fonn,
Dh'eireadh fonn oirn ri fhaicinn.

Litir a fhuair mi bho Ian Beitean,
Chuir eibhneas air fear nach fhac i.

Beagan a mhuinntir mo dhutcha,
Triall an taobh am faigh iad pailteas.

B' fhearr na bhi fuireach fo uachdarain,
Nach fhuiling tuath a bhi aca.

A ghabhabh an taire 'n aite 'n t'seoid,
Ged a bhiodh e 'n spòg a phartainn.

A ghabhabh an ait an diunlaoich
An slaoaire lùgach 's e beartach.

Falbhaidh sinn uile gu leir;
'S beag mo speis do dh' fhear gun tapadh.

Far am faigh sinn deth gach seorsa
An t' sealg is boidhche tha ri faicinn.

Gheibh sinn fiadh is bòc is maoisleach,
'S comas na dh'fhaodar thoir asda.

Gheibh sinn coileach-dubh is liath-chearc,
Lachan, ialtan, is glas-gheoidh.

Gheibh sinn bradan agus bàn-iasg,
Glas-iasg ma's e 's fhearr a thaitneas.

Nach saoil thu nach iad sud tha uallach!
Cha bi buachaille gun each ac'.

[Our only object is to preserve as many of "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh's" poems as possible. We are much indebted to our correspondent for his aid in the good work, and we trust that others will follow his excellent example by sending us as much as they can, if it be only a single stanza. The songs beginning "Bha mi uair dheth mo shaoghal," "'S muladach mi 'n diugh ag eiridh," and "Fhir a theid far a mhonadh," will be given in our next. Those having versions, or verses, of these will much oblige by sending them for comparison (and any anecdotes regarding them) with what we already have.—ED. C. M.]

MACBRAYNE'S GUIDE TO THE HIGHLANDS has just been issued, with map, showing the various routes traversed by his splendid fleet of Highland steamers, and several coloured illustrations of places of leading interest to those in pursuit of pleasure. The information given is accurate and succinct, the latter quality being a most decided advantage over the more bulky and expensive Guides hitherto available. The local lore so appropriately introduced adds much to the interest of the book, and makes it attractive even to the general reader.

Literature.

THE ALTUS OF ST COLUMBA. Edited with a Prose Paraphrase and Notes by JOHN, MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T. Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1882.

EVERY Scottish Celt who takes an interest in the antiquities, history, and literature of his country knows that the Marquess of Bute is a profound and sympathetic student of all that pertains to the ancient life of the Highlands. Then the noble Marquess is anxious to do what he can to awaken in the mind of others the interest in the olden days with which his own is possessed. In proof of this we need only mention his Lordship's munificence in bearing the cost of publishing, in a style unusually splendid, Dr Clerk's Edition of Ossian. But the Marquess of Bute is not merely on indolent patron of literature, who merely spends money and woos applause in this easy fashion, he is himself a painstaking investigator in the field of Scottish history. We need not refer more particularly to the various proofs which the different publications of his lordship gives of his patient industry and literary power. We must limit our observations to the beautiful work before us—the *Altus* of Columba. The noble editor has done his part in a way which is deserving of all praise, for he really elucidates his author, so that the reader, if he is at all in earnest, can easily hold fellowship with him. At the same time, let us say that Columba, or his transcribers, have tied one or two poetic knots, which not even the skill of the noble editor has been able to untie.

But some of our readers may be asking what is this *Altus* of Columba? We answer that it is a very striking and able religious poem, composed in Latin, by the famous Abbot of Iona—the Apostle and Spiritual father of the North Highlands. There is no mystery about the word *Altus*. It is the first word in the poem, and so, just as we say "Scots wha hae" as a title for the song in which it occurs, so *Altus* became the title for the whole poem of which it is the first word. The poem is peculiar in form. It consists of a series of short poems, arranged under each letter of the alphabet, each poem beginning with its own letter. Under *A* we have fourteen lines, under each of the other letters twelve lines. It may be mentioned that the old classic prosody is rejected for the easier remembered accent and rhyme.

This remarkable poem is really a Confession of Faith. It might have been drawn up for the instruction of King Brude, the royal Invernessian won to Christ by the saintly poet and missionary, if we could suppose the Pictish King capable of understanding Latin. This poem shows us the true miracles by which Columba overcame Celtic heathenism—the true sign of the cross which rolled back on their hinges the closed gates of the Castle of King Brude. Here we see that Columba could think clearly, and express his thinking in words that drop like manna. Then the articles of his creed were very simple and concrete, far removed from reasoned propositions, ever becoming more abstract as they are drawn further away from their concrete basis. Columba sang to his Celtic converts, first, of the ineffable glory of the Most High as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in precise but poetic terms. Then follows a description of His creative energy in relation to the Angelic world. The noble editor feels that the Angelology of Columba "was not of that fixed and precise character" which it afterwards became—was different, in short, from the portentous and fantastic fabric which it grew into under the plastic subtlety of the Schoolmen. His doctrine of the Angels is indeed still current among simple Protestants. The profoundest thought in

his lines on this subject is that in which he ascribes a second fall to the "devil and his satellites," as a further punishment for seducing man from his innocence. Next in order comes Columba's conception of the material world in which we live. To him the world was a flat disc, with the ocean for its rim or boundary. The firmament was daily replenished by water spouts from this ocean to provide rain. The ascension of these jets of water explained to his mind the tides! Let us give here a specimen of Columba's poetry descriptive of rain:—

"Ligatas aquas nubibus
frequenter cribrat Dominus,
ut ne erumpant protinus
simul raptis obicibus;
quarum uberioribus
venis, velut uberibus,
pedetentim natautibus
telli per tractus istius,
gelidis ac ferventibus
diversis in temporibus,
usquam influunt flumina
nunquam deficientia."

These terse and beautiful lines have full justice done to their merits in the translation which the noble editor gives to them, and which we subjoin as a fair sample of the translation of the *Altus* as a whole:—

"The waters which are bound up in the clouds the Lord doth oftentimes make to fall, as through a sieve, lest they should suddenly break through their bounds and burst out together; and from the richer streams thereof, as from breasts, slowly flowing through the expanses of this earth, cold and warm with the changing seasons, the rivers ever run, never failing."

Whatever we may think of the *science* of these lines, we can have no doubt that they discover a mind keenly alive to the beauties and wonders of the world in which it was placed.

The poet goes on to describe the "nether-world in the innermost parts of the earth," where there is heard the terrible wail of Gehenna; and the place under the earth where dwell souls, who, though not in heaven, bend the knee to the Lord in prayer. This last the Editor refers to Purgatory, though his Lordship admits that the ideas of the poet on the subject are not those of the ages which followed. Next in order comes an account of the world of the good—the Paradise which the Lord planted with the tree of life as its centre. The Paradise of Adam and Eve is part of heaven, and according to the poet still exists somewhere in this world. Clearly Columba wished to raise the earth as near heaven as possible, and to bring down heaven as far as may be to meet it, so that both should exist, not separate, but in happy fellowship. The poem concludes with a solemn account of what shall happen in the last days. Dr. Buchanan in his *Day of Judgment* has given fuller expression to the ideas that were in the mind of Columba. The Saint is here vivid and rapid as the lightning, and we need not be surprised that such power was followed by the spiritual transformation of a kingdom. The reader, however, is vexed and irritated by the intrusion of an obscure and mythological symbolism, which grates upon him like sand in bread; an explanation of which, notwithstanding the brave efforts of the noble editor, seems impossible. Was Columba for a moment led aside from his simplicity in deference to the maxim, *nil nisi in nomine* without its malign influence among us Celts, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*?

We cordially sympathise with the desire of the Marquess to draw men's attention to this poem for its own sake, and not for its historical interest merely. Though it will scarcely bear comparison with the *Dies Ire*, it is nevertheless a very marvellous and impressive poem. Columba is not the heritage of Catholic or Protestant exclusively. He is the heritage of all who believe that Jesus came in the flesh. He is for mankind, not for the sects. We read of the Highland minister who lay all night on the grave of Rutherford that he might catch his fire. We have a nobler grave nearer home, the spirit of whose inhabitant would help us to transform misery into joy, ignorance to knowledge, to cause light to arise in the darkness—the true signs and wonders of the great in all ages. Then in the closing words of the *Altus*, we shall not only have fellowship with Columba and his fellows, but—

“ . . . Sic cum Ipso erimus
in diversis ordinibus
dignitatum pro meritis
præmiorum perpetuis,
permansuri in gloriâ
a sæculis in gloriâ.”

We would most earnestly draw the attention of our studious readers to this ancient poem. It is beautifully printed, and altogether worthy of the publishers, and its noble editor.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRAES.—The more information that reaches us, and the more consideration we are able to give to the subject of the skirmish which has recently taken place in the Isle of Skye between 38 policemen from Glasgow, 12 from the mainland portion of the county of Inverness, and several of the local Skye force, led by two sheriffs, two procurator-fiscals, and their satellites, against helpless women and children, the more we are driven to the conclusion that the whole thing was the greatest farce ever played in the Scottish Highlands. Looking at the entire proceedings from beginning to end, it is the best illustration we have ever seen of the two old saws, “Much ado about nothing,” and “Muckle cry and little woo’.” We have hitherto, as regards the privileges of our countrymen, been living in a fool's paradise, for we innocently, or perhaps ignorantly, thought that Scotsmen were entitled by the laws of their country to be tried for serious crimes by a jury of their peers. It seems this is not the case. The Lord-Advocate denied the Braes crofters this constitutional right, without giving any reasons for his refusal. Other people have, however, supplied reasons for him. They say that he has been led to believe that no jury would convict in the circumstances, and that he felt a conviction was necessary to whitewash the authorities for the extraordinary steps which they had taken. No one will believe that his lordship could have been influenced by such considerations as this would imply; but we think that he should have been more careful to avoid any plausible foundation for such a suggestion. It is now, however, universally admitted, after reading the evidence, that no jury of common sense, nor sheriff, would have convicted the Braes crofters of the serious crime of forcement; and to have gone through such a gigantic farce for a technical, constructive, common assault, is discreditable to the Crown and county authorities. To suggest for a moment that a Scottish jury would not have convicted on sufficient legal evidence, is to admit the existence of a state of things which should demand the immediate attention of the Government.